

Chemistry Lesson

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Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Birthday, Ratio

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-03-17 23:51:20

Updated: 2014-03-17 23:51:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:52:03

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,274

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Ratio is a professional doctor with a vast knowledge in science. So when Birthday needed that extra help for a "job" that involved Chemistry, and knew exactly who to ask. But little did Ratio know, that little Chemistry lesson he was holding was going to react into a much bigger... solution. Birthday x Ratio/Birthrate oneshot. Please excuse the corny stuff.

Chemistry Lesson

I've decided to write another Birthday x Ratio fanfiction since there isn't much BirthRate stuff out there (NiceArt seems to be the OTP of this series). Plus, I personally love this pairing. So let's give some love to BirthRate!

I was in such a corny mood while struggling with science homework. I had to keep rewording everything into understandable terms, and ended up with _sooooooooo_ many weird things. So please excuse me if anything I wrote is incorrect and lame :P

So let's say this is the child of corny science stuff and BirthRate. Please forgive for making such lame jokes; I'm such a nerd for corny jokes.

Enjoy!~

* * *

><p>Ratio sat on the leather couch and began to busily tap on his Ipad. He enjoyed this quiet environment. His large condo was spotless and everything was very well organized. Being able to sit down and sip some coffee in peace certainly was nice. He had to admit, he needed this type of relaxation. Being a well-known doctor and a PI at Hamatora sure was stressful, but that wasn't the thing that made Ratio's head spin. Keeping Birthday in line was probably the hardest thing about being a man like Ratio.<p>

He let out a satisfied sigh as he set all of that aside. "Ah, this surely is nice..." Midway sipping his coffee, he suddenly realized something and choked on the hot liquid. "Oh shoot. I still have to make those chemistry booklets for that college convention tomorrow. I'm getting quite a reward for all of it..." He let out an irritated groan as he placed his coffee down onto the glass table and lazily made his way to his desk, which was cluttered with piles of papers and files. Glancing at the request from the Head Director of the college he mentored at once, he let out another unhappy sigh as he began to type away.

_ "Subatomic particles... Yea, yea... Protons, Electrons, Neutrons... Attractive forces..." Ugh, I can't take this anymore, I need a break. Working on such child's play for hours can really kill a doctor like me..." Ratio stretched his stiff arms as he yawned. Looking at the request containing the information the Director wanted in the booklets and realizing he was only halfway done really put his mood down a bit.

"Please, no mor-"

_**"Raaattiiooooooooo-chaaaan!~" **_Birthday yelled as he stormed into Ratio's condo. Hearing his voice made Ratio even more irritated.

"Birthday! Get out of here. Now. I'm busy." Ratio mouthed, trying to shoo the blond away like a pesky fly.

"No, Ratio-chan! I need your help! Being a dignified doctor such as yourself, a little job like this wouldn't hurt?" Birthday insisted as he held a small picture of a beautiful woman wearing a sophisticated labcoat and a flier containing info about an upcoming convention happening in a nearby college.

"W-Who is she?" Ratio cautiously asked, hoping for a decent answer from Birthday.

"Why, she's a scientist who is gonna give some demos at this college convention tomorrow. And you know, I just wanna impress her so I can give her some of my own "demos" in be-"

"Enough." Ratio sighed in disgust, knowing he should of expected an answer like that from _Birthday_. "Give me a good and logical reason why I should help you. I have my own business to take care of."

Birthday pulled out a gun from his pocket and aimed it. Towards his own head. He grinned as he saw the horrific look on Ratio's face. "I'm gonna die. You wouldn't want that happening now, would you?"

"Y-You're bluffing. You wouldn't go this far for a flirtatious job."

"Am I?"

"You don't have the guts to do so. I know you."

"Do you now, Ratio-chan?"

"You won't fire."

He slowly cocked back the release, hearing a sharp click echo in the dead silence. Just as he slowly placed his finger on the trigger and wore Ratio's patience down significantly, Ratio slammed his desk and yelled, "That's enough! Fine, I'll help you!"

"Promise?" Another grim smile crept on Birthday's face as he pushed the barrel of the gun against his temples.

"Yes! Now put the gun down!" Ratio almost desperately pleaded.

"Yaay!~" Birthday cheered as he fired the gun towards the ceiling, spewing colorful ribbons and confetti all over Ratio's clean floor. Ratio let out an incredibly irritated tsk as Birthday placed himself beside Ratio.

"For God's sake..."

* * *

><p>"...So you expect me to learn all of this in one night?" Birthday stared at the stream of data Ratio had typed out for the same convention the lady was presenting at. He slammed the glass coffee table and slumped back on the leather couch.

"Hey, you're the one who asked. This is the basics, you know." Ratio smiled at the look of absolute dismay on his blond partner's face. He continued to scroll down the page. "With your level of stupidity, I doubt you will get any of this down."

"N-Nonsense! I-I got this..."

"Really?" Ratio hid the window with a click. "What is more reactive: a metal or non-metal? And explain." He smiled at the confused look on Birthday's used-to-be confident face.

"W-Well... I-"

"Too slow." Ratio said as he cut off Birthday.

"That was too short man! You expect me to answer in such a short time span?" Birthday complained.

"Those few seconds are probably the same as your attention span when it comes to anything but women. How are you going to impress a woman like her with _that?_" Ratio sighed as he flicked Birthday's forehead.

"Cmon Ratio, you're my friend! You gotta help me!" He pleaded as he cuddled Ratio's arm, which clearly didn't want to be anywhere near the blond guy.

"There is no other way that I can be of help to you. You have to study, and that fact won't change." Ratio shrugged as he shook Birthday off his arm.

"Can you at least give me a few tips?"

"Um, well..." Ratio thought about it for a while. "I guess a few pieces of advice wouldn't hurt."

Birthday cheered as he hugged his partner, who didn't appreciate it.

"If you don't understand any of this once I give you these tips, you're on your own." Ratio pulled out a pen from his pocket and grabbed a piece of paper. "Use Analogy and Acronyms" was the first thing he wrote in big letters on the top. "This alone may be able to help you."

"Analogy and Acronyms? What do those mean?" Birthday curiously said as he tried to comprehend what Ratio had just written.

"Use examples and shortcuts." He explained. "Analogies really help you understand a concept by using terminology you understand. For instance, you could say electrons are like bad habits. Picking them up makes you a negative person, while dropping them makes you a positive person."

"Ah, I see! This is so I am able to understand it with simple scenarios!" Ratio nodded.

"I'm glad you are following along. Now, try finding something and make an analogy." Ratio scrolled down the items for the convention he managed to complete while Birthday pondered in utter confusion earlier.

"Stop! I think I found one." Birthday pointed to the section labelled "atomic radius".

"Okay, let's see what you got."

After thinking about for a while, he began to speak, while trying to use a "wise-guy" type of accent.

"A metal atom usually does not have a full outer ring of valence electrons, therefore making it unstable with a weak bond with the nucleus and the electrons around it. But a non-metal atom has a full outer ring of valence electrons, making it very stable with a strong attractive force with the nucleus and its electrons..."

"Birthday, you are just reading the info. Try summing it into your own words and make an analogy."

"Wait, I'm getting to the good part."

He cleared his throat as he smiled.

"In other words. A non-metal atom is like me! And a metal atom is like you! And the electrons are all beautiful women! So, I have a very strong bond with all those electrons floating around me, while you on the other hand, is an absolute dor-"

"Birthday." Ratio said as he slapped the stupid grin off his face. "Please do not use me as a poor example."

He ignored him and went on with another analogy.

"_You are a poor conductor of aren't able to make "sparks fly". Unlike the fabulous me, who is a great conductor of electricity!"_

Ratio sighed as he continued to endured Birthday's corny analogies, which seemed to get more sexual as each one passed by.

_"Okay, take the symbol of the element Phosphorus. Then add an electron (e). Then add the symbols for nitrogen, iodine, and sulfur. Then put it into you, baby.~" _Birthday giggled.

"Please, no more..." Ratio snorted in disgust.

"The Particle Theory states that the more energy a particle has, the faster it moves. So, let's say the energy is how many women are on me, and how fast it moves is how big m-"

"Enough with the sexual analogies already." Ratio shook his head, trying to erase the heated mental images he was receiving from this. He never noticed how warm his face had become ever since Birthday started.

"Woah, what is this?" Birthday said as he grabbed Ratio's face and stared at his cheeks. "Why are you red, Ratio-chan?" A little smirk appeared.

"O-Oh, it's just a bit hot in here. Besides, I'm sick of hearing your dirty analogies." Ratio said, turning his flushed face away from Birthday.

"Oh, is it now? I must be conducting too much heat for you. Lemme help you with that..." Birthday pinned Ratio onto the soft couch, which slid with every little movement the two made.

"W-What do you th- ah, mph..."

Birthday slammed his lips onto Ratio's feeling the warmth it had always had. He plunged his tongue into Ratio's mouth, deeply exploring the mouth of the doctor as he groaned. Birthday felt Ratio hold his neck and push him closer to deepen the heated kiss. As the two moaned, Birthday was the first to separate, needing to catch his breath.

"Hah, I-I see your "particle" is beginning to "get more energy", Ratio-chan. You must have been enjoying my analogies..."

"S-Shut up..." Ratio panted as he tried to move into a more comfortable position with the the load he was beginning to sport in his lower regions. Having Birthday on top of him certainly did help make moving around any more harder.

"G-Get over here..."

Ratio pulled Birthday by the collar for another kiss, this time with more dominance. Ratio wanted to prove that he wasn't the one being taught here, especially not by Birthday. He smiled in ecstasy to hear Birthday playfully moan to Ratio's superior actions, and surrendered to him.

As they broke the kiss again for more air, Birthday glanced at Ratio, who seemed to have a look of guilt on his now-red face.

"A-Ah, I see. You must have been jealous that I had found a cuter scientist other than you, Ratio-chan~" Ratio laid in silence, with the sound of heavy panting. "Y-You're smarter than you look, you dumbass."

"Don't worry. No matter who I fling with, you will always be the one I always love!~" Birthday smirked as he felt Ratio begin to unzip his pants, clearly suggesting he wanted to get it on right here and now.

Locking once more for another kiss, he felt Ratio's lips trail down towards his neck, and began leaving little hickeys as Birthday moaned. Once the bothersome pants were finally off, Ratio managed to say within the heat of the moment,

"I-It's my turn to give you a chemistry lesson, Birthday. I-I'm going make a chemical reaction in you... "

* * *

><p>The two exhausted men laid in Ratio's bed, still panting from the session. Ratio gently ran his fingers through Birthday's soft hair as he began to slowly drift into sleep.<p>

"H-Hey, Ratio. What happens when you put U and I together? Birthday whispered as he leaned in for light kiss.

"C-Cmon, even someone of your level should know. It's not rocket science..."

"Sure, but your rocket sure was reacting back then. Guess it isn't noble."

"S-Stop with the corny jokes already, Birthday."

"Huh, that was fun though. I want your P in me again tomorrow~." He said he cuddled closer towards Ratio.

"You want my Phosphorus in you?"

"N-No, not that you idiot... You know what I mean."

Ratio laughed. "Then stop with the jokes. Only then will I give it to you plus another lesson in Chemistry."

"If you mean a good time, then fine. I can wait for another lesson tomorrow." Birthday barely whispered as he fell asleep in Ratio's arms.

* * *

><p>Ugh, please forgive me for the lame jokes.

**I might as well explain this stupid joke, since I don't think it made sense. "Take phosphorus (P), add an electron (e), then add nitrogen (N), iodine (I), and sulfur (S)" **

****I thought it sounded funny at the time...****

End
file.